

The Mirror

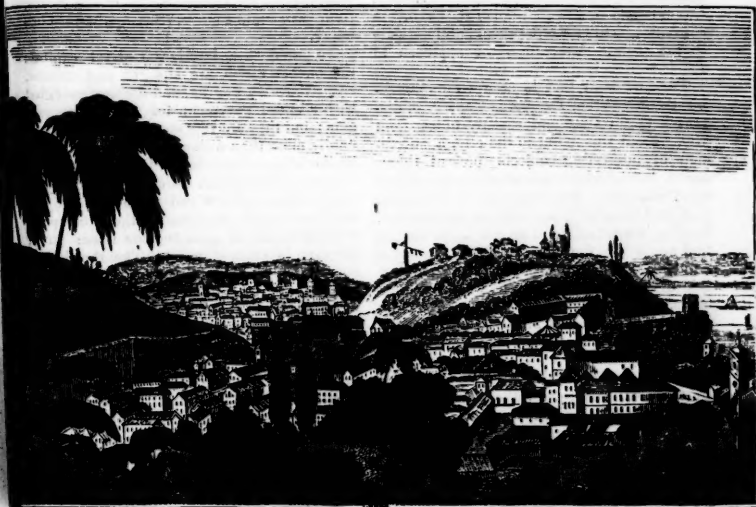
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 634.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



RIO DE JANEIRO

Is the capital of the empire of Brazil, one of the richest regions of the earth, comprising the eastern and central parts of South America.* Its condition exhibits the brightest influence of civilisation in the new world; and, as pertinently observed by Dr. Von Spix, who visited Rio in 1817: "If any person considering that this is a new continent, discovered only three centuries ago, should fancy that nature must be here still entirely rude, mighty, and unconquered, he would believe, at least here in the capital, that he was in some other part of the globe: so much has the influence of the civilisation of ancient and enlightened Europe effaced the character of an American wilderness in this point of the colony."

Rio is washed by the South Atlantic Ocean, being situated on the western shore of the great bay from which it takes its name, which extends from the city northwards into the continent, about three times as far as the distance to the anchorage, and occupies the north-east part of a tongue of land of an irregularly quadrangular shape. The oldest and

most important part of the city is built along the shore, in the form of an oblong quadrangle, lying N. W. and S. E. The ground is, for the most part, level and low; but at the northern end, are five hills, which come so near the sea as to leave room for only one street by the sea-side; while towards the south and south-east, the city is commanded by several promontories of the Corcovado. The more ancient part of the city is traversed by eight, narrow, parallel streets, crossed by many others at right angles. The Campode S. Anna, a large square to the west of the old city, separates it from the new town. The latter, which has risen for the most part since the royal family of Brazil removed here in 1808, is connected with the south-western quarter by the bridge of St. Diogo, thrown over a salt-water inlet; and on the north-west, the extensive suburb of Catumbi leads to the royal palace of S. Cristovão. Under the lower eminences of the Corcovado, the church of Nossa Senhora da Gloria forms a conspicuous object, commanding the southern part of the city. Further southward detached rows of houses occupy the two semicircular bays of Catete and Bota Fogo, and single houses are scat-

* Embracing an area of 3,050,000 English miles. Brazil is nearly as large as Europe, and is capable of supporting a much greater population.

tered in the picturesque valleys which intersect the Corcovado. The hills along the north-eastern bank are partly covered with large buildings. The ancient college of the Jesuits, the convent of the Benedictines, the episcopal palace, and the Forte da Conceicao, have, from the sea, a grand appearance. The residence formerly occupied by the viceroys, which, after the arrival of the court of Lisbon, was enlarged by the addition of the Carmelite convent, and fitted for the royal family, stands in the plain. Altogether, the approach to Rio is extremely picturesque.

The first land that is seen on approaching the coast from Europe, is Cape Frio, distant between sixty and seventy miles from Rio. From this point to the city, a succession of interesting objects present themselves, among which is seen the lofty peak of the Corcovado. The entrance of the bay is protected chiefly by the fort of Santa Cruz. In the interior of the bay, the most important works are the Fort de Villegagnon (so named from the French adventurer), and that of Ilha das Cobras, both on small islands, not far from the city. On the latter island state criminals are confined. In the city itself, besides the Forte da Conceicao already mentioned, towards the north-west part of it, there are the batteries of *Monte* on the south-east; and the inlet of Bota Fogo is covered by the lines of *Praya-vermelha*. The harbour is one of the most capacious, commodious, and beautiful in the world. The immediate back-ground of the city is formed by beautiful green hills, covered with woods, and interspersed with villas and convents; while the foreground is enlivened by the vessels of all nations. The bay contains nearly a hundred islands.

Far more has been done for this beautiful portion of the new world by nature, than by man. The style of architecture in Rio is, in general, mean, resembling that of the old part of Lisbon; and though this town has always ranked as the most important in Brazil, or as second only to Bahia at the time that the latter was the seat of government, yet it is only since the emigration of the court, that it has assumed the character of a European city.

When the Court first arrived at Rio, the population of the city was not a hundred thousand. But, upwards of twenty thousand Europeans accompanied the Government; hence Brazilian manners gave way to those of Europe. A royal military academy was founded in 1810, and skilful mechanics of all countries were encouraged. A library arranged in a suitable edifice is said to contain 70,000 volumes, which the king brought with him from Portugal.

The stimulus given to commerce diffused a considerable degree of opulence; and the ambassadors from the European powers, who

had accompanied the Court, with other wealthy foreigners, introduced a luxury and refinement of manners to which Rio had hitherto been a stranger. In 1818, the number both of Portuguese and Brazilian inhabitants had still further increased; and the population both of the capital and of the interior was swelled by emigrants from the Spanish provinces, from the United States of the North, from England, France, Sweden, and Germany.

To pursue the description of the capital: the streets which are straight and narrow, are paved with granite, and are now provided with a raised pavement for the foot-passengers; but they are very sparingly lighted, and hardly more than a few hours in the night by the lamps placed before the images of the Virgin. The houses, which are generally of two stories, and low and narrow in proportion to their depth, are, for the most part, built of blocks of granite; the upper story, however, is often of wood. The thresholds, door-posts, lintels, and window-frames are of massy quartz, or feldspar, brought from Bahia in a state ready for use. The roofs are universally covered with semitubular tiles. The lower story is commonly occupied by the shop and warehouse; the second, (and third, if there be one,) by the family apartments, to which there are long and narrow passages taken from the ground-floor, and communicating with the street. In the outskirts of the town the streets are unpaved, and the houses are of only one floor, low, small, and dirty, with the doors and windows of lattice-work, opening outward to the annoyance of passengers. The rents of houses are nearly as high as they are in London.

Churches and convents are almost the only public buildings in Rio, that deserve notice. Among the former, those of Da Candelaria, S. Francisco, and Sta. Paula, are in the best style of architecture; but that of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, is the most striking from its situation.

None of the churches have either any fine paintings or works of sculpture, but only rich gilding. The religious establishments comprise three monasteries, Benedictine, Franciscan, and Carmelite; a Franciscan nunnery; a nunnery of Theresans; an *Hospice* of the almoners of the Holy Land; a *misericordia*, with its hospital; a foundling hospital, established in 1738; (which, within sixty years from that period, received nearly 5,000 infants;) and a *recolhimento* for female orphans born in wedlock and of white parents, where they remain till they are portioned off in marriage from the funds of this munificent institution; together with some smaller monastic and charitable institutions.

The royal palace skirts the beach, and is seen to great advantage from the principal landing-place, which is within sixty yards of

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the doors. It is small, ill-constructed, and inconvenient. The palace of the bishop, which stands on a high hill north of the city, is superior to that of the royal family. The custom-house is a miserable building. The inns are abominably bad. The new mint, the naval and the military arsenals, are called magnificent buildings, but they present a very poor appearance to the eyes of a European.

Though, in proportion to the size and the wants of the city, Rio has but a scanty supply of water, there are several public fountains, and new ones are continually being erected. The aqueduct by which those fountains are supplied, is a noble work, and is described by Dr. Von Spix as the finest piece of architecture of which the city can at present boast. It was completed in the year 1740, and is an imitation of the one at Lisbon, erected by John V. "It consists," Mr. Luccock says, "of two walls, about six feet high, arched over, with sufficient space for workmen to enter it occasionally, and pass through its whole length. At suitable intervals there are openings for the admission of light and air. Within is laid the canal, about eighteen inches wide, twenty-four deep, and three miles long."

Lancasterian and other schools, are spreading in all directions; but persons of fortune have their children prepared by private tutors for the university of Coimbra. In the Seminario de S. Joaquim, the elements of Latin and church-singing are taught. But the best academy is stated (by Dr. Von Spix) to be the Lyceum, or Seminario de S. Joze."

Music is cultivated at Rio with enthusiasm and success; the guitar here, as in the south, being the favourite instrument. A decided preference is shown by the higher classes for the French language and French literature. The general knowledge of French has not, however, banished the mother tongue in the higher classes. With the exception of the court, and those immediately belonging to it, the French and English languages are spoken only by the men, and are therefore seldom used in company. In 1817, there were only two indifferent booksellers' shops at Rio, and only two newspapers were published in the whole kingdom. Even these were not then read with general interest. On the other hand, the Lisbon newspapers were circulated by the Portuguese emigrants, and the London journals by the English. Since the declaration of the Brazilian independence, the number of journals has, however, greatly increased. This is rapid progress, if we consider that down to 1806, a single printing-press had never existed in Brazil.

The population of Rio de Janeiro amounts to 150,000, two-thirds of whom are black, Rio is still infamous as a mart for negro

slaves, although the trade has been much restricted by the government. The city is the great emporium of Brazilian commerce, especially of all the mining districts; and to the smaller ports of Brazil, Rio exports all sorts of European goods. England (particularly London and Liverpool,) supply Rio with cotton goods, fine cloths, porcelain, and earthenware, iron, lead, copper, tin, anchors, cables, gunpowder, porter, cheese, salt butter, distilled liquors, &c.

Rio is in latitude 22° 54' S. and longitude 43° 18' W.

GIPSIES.

BY J. GRISCOM.

(Abridged from the *Revue Encyclopedique*.)

THERE are few questions in Anthropology or Ethnography which have more closely engaged the attention of philologists, geographers, and historians, than that of the origin and character of this singular people. A race of men which presents the most extraordinary phenomenon in social life, has existed nearly four centuries in Europe; and yet remains almost unknown. Neither time, climate, politics, nor example, has produced any change in their institutions, their manners, their language, or their religious ideas. The Israelites are the only people, who have preserved, like them, their primitive character in foreign lands, but with far less distinctness and discrimination.

Names by which they are known in the different countries in which they reside.—The Arabs and Moors call them *Harami* (robbers); the Hungarians, *Cingany* and *Pharaoh Nepek* (people of Pharaoh). The latter name is also given them in Transylvania; the English have adopted the name of *Gipsies*, an alteration of the word *Egyptians*; the Scotch, that of *Caird*; the Spanish call them *Gitanos*; the Portuguese, *Ciganos*; the Dutch, *Heidenen* (idolaters); the Russians, *Tzengani*; the Italians, *Zingari*; the Swedes *Spakaring*; the Danish and Norwegians, *Tatars*; the Wallachians, Bessarabians, Moldavians, Servians, and Sclavonians, *Cigani*; the Germans, *Zigeuner*; in France they received at first the name of *Egyptians*, and more recently that of *Bohemians*, because the earliest of the tribe came into France from Bohemia. Historians of the middle ages, designate them by the name of *Azinghans*; the modern Greeks, under that of *Atinghans*; in Adzerbaidjan, they are called *Hindou Karach* (black Hindoos); in Persia, *Louri*; the Bucharians and inhabitants of Turkistan, call them *Tziaghi*, which appears to be the root of *Tchingeni*, the term given by the Turks to this wandering race. I have been acquainted in Europe with three of their *Rabers*, or chiefs, who assure me that they

call themselves *Roumna-Chal*. These two words belong to the Mahatta language, and signify men who wander in the plains. I consider *Tzengaris* as their primitive name, and which is still preserved in their mother country.

Different writers have assigned to these people a very different origin—one from the eastern part of Tunis,—another from Zanguebar,—one from Mount Caucasus;—one considers them as German Jews—and others bring them from Egypt, Colchos, the Ukraine, &c.

We know of but three writers who have placed this question in a true point of view. The two first, whose opinion is admitted by the learned generally, are Grellmann and David Richardson, who consider India as the cradle of the *Tzengaris*; the Abbe Dubois places them among the Kouravers of Mahissoun, but in our opinion the country of the Mahrattas is their original position, and there they are still found united in tribes.

The primitive tribes of the *Tzengaris* is a subdivision of different tribes of *Parias*, or men out of caste. The origin of *Parias* is very ancient. This sub-caste is formed by the union of individuals driven from different castes for offences committed against the religion and laws, and includes a great number of tribes, among whom may be reckoned the *Vallowers*, the *Chakilis*, the *Moutchiers*, &c. and, lastly, the *Tzengaris*, the primitive tribe of our Bohemians and Egyptians, or the *Zingari* of the nations, which term still resembles the original name.

The tribe of *Tzengaris*, called also *Van-garis*, on the coast of Concan and of Malabar is nomadic. I have met them often in whole bands near the ancient and magnificent city of Visapour and in the vicinity of Bangalore and Mahissour, which we call Mysore, from a habit of disfiguring eastern names. They are in general of a dark complexion which justifies the Persian appellation of black Hindoos. Their religion, institutions, manners, and language, differ from those of other tribes of Hindoos. During a war they are addicted to pillage, carry provisions for the armies, and fill them with spies and dancers. During peace they make coarse stuffs, and deal in rice, butter, salt, opium, &c. Their women are as handsome and agreeable as the generality of Hindoos, but are very lascivious. They often carry off young girls whom they sell to natives and Europeans. They are accused of immolating human victims to their demons, and of eating human flesh. They everywhere follow the trade of errand runners and procurers; the women are fortune tellers, a business which they practise by striking on a drum in order to invoke the demon, then pronouncing, with the air of a sibyl and with rare volubility, a string of mystical words, and after having

gazed at the sky and examined the lineaments of the hand of the person who consults them, they gravely predict the good or evil which is to be his destiny. The women also practise tattooing, and the figures of stars, flowers, animals, &c. which they imprint upon the skin by puncturation, and vegetable juices are ineffaceable. They live in families, and it is not rare to see father and daughter, uncle and niece, brother and sister living like beasts together. They are suspicious, liars, gamblers, drunkards, cowards, poltroons, and altogether illiterate; they despise religion, and have no other creed than the fear of evil genii and of fatality. They originated in the province of Mahratt, among the eastern Gauts.

The celebrated Cherif Eddin, assures us that Timur sullied his conquests by the massacre of 100,000 prisoners, Persians and Hindoos. The Monguls spread such terror in all parts of India, that great numbers abandoned that unhappy country. The Hindoos of the three first castes, indeed, remained firm to their country;—their religion made it a duty; but no place could retain the *Soudras* and *Parias*. They are such vagabonds that I have myself seen them in Abyssinia, in Arabia, at Tzouakem in the Persian Gulf, at Penang, at Singapore, at Malacca, at Manilla, at Celebes, at Anyer, and even in China.

Is it not natural to believe that the *Tzengaris*, who are so accustomed to a camp life, and excluded from Hindoo communion, should practise, or feign to practise, religion which offered them so many advantages, that they should act as spies and purveyors to the Mongul armies, and that a portion of them should accompany Timur in his long traverse through Kandahar, Persia, and Bukahra; and after passing through the Caspian and Caucasian regions and leaving behind them a train of detached families, they should have come to a stand, some in Russia, others in Asia Minor; that a second column should have passed from Kandahar into Mekran, and Irak-Arabia, and a third strayed into Syria, Palestine, and Arabia-Petrea, and should have reached Egypt by the Isthmus of Suez and thence should have passed into Mauritania?

Is it not probable that these rude travellers landed from the Black Sea and Asia Minor in Europe by the intervention of the Turks during their wars with the Greek empire; and it is equally probable that the first of them who came to Europe, sojourned in European Turkey as Aventine informs us, and proceeded thence to Wallachia and Moldavia? In 1417, they were found in Hungary, and at the conclusion of that year they were seen in Germany and Bohemia, the next year in Switzerland, and, in 1422, in Italy. Pasquier carries their origin in France,

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to 1417, and says that they styled themselves Christians from Lower Egypt, expelled thence by the Saracens, but that in reality they came from Bohemia. From France, they passed into Spain and Portugal, and afterwards, under Henry VIII., into England. Their hordes commonly consist of two or three hundred persons of both sexes.

Although it is difficult to explain how they acquired the name of Gipsies or Egyptians, it is certain they neither have an Egyptian origin, nor came from Egypt to Europe, as Crantz and Munster have proved.

Countries in which the Tzengaris are now found.

These people constitute a part of the population of all the countries of Europe and of a large portion of Asia. In Africa, they are found only in Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Sudan, and Barbary. They have never appeared in America.

They are most numerous in Spain, Scotland, Ireland, Turkey, and Hungary, but especially in Transylvania, Moldavia, Wallachia, Sclavonia, Courland, Lithuania, and the Caucasian provinces.

In England they are still pretty numerous, but are found only in distant places, seldom coming into the towns excepting in small companies of two or three persons. In Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, they have become rare, as also in Switzerland and the Low Countries. In Italy, their numbers are diminished. In Spain, it is said that there are fifty or sixty thousand of them, and in Hungary, according to the best information, about fifty thousand. In Transylvania, they are the most numerous, for in a population of 1,720,000 souls there are reckoned 104,000 Tzengaris. I have no fear of exaggeration in estimating the Tzengarian population of Europe at nearly a million, in Africa, at 400,000; in India, at 1,500,000 and about 2,000,000 in all the rest of Asia, for except in Asiatic Russia, China, Siam, Annam, and Japan, they are everywhere to be found. Hence we may deem the total population of these people to be five millions.

What a painful subject of reflection is it to think of so large a portion of the human race, thrown as it were beyond the common rights of nations; so many men wandering about without any claims which can attach them to the soil, encamping in places remote from civilization: living by theft and deception, and everywhere diffused, notwithstanding the persecutions and contempt which are heaped upon them.

APOLOGUES.

(From the German.)

One stormy night the raging north wind exercised its strength on a lofty oak, which it

levelled with the ground, where it lay with, many small trees crushed beneath it. A fox, whose den was not far distant, happened to pass the next morning, "What a noble tree!" exclaimed he, "I never thought it so great while standing."

A wolf being at the point of death, cast a retrospective glance on his past life: "I am certainly a sinner," he plaintively observed, "but I trust not one of the greatest. I have doubtless committed evil; but I have also done much good. I remember that once when a lamb, which had strayed from the flock, came so near to me, that I might have devoured it with the greatest ease, I forbore to do so. About the same time I listened to the abuse of an angry sheep with the most edifying indifference, although no watchdog was to be feared." "To all this I can bear witness," said a fox; "I recollect all the particulars. It was just at the time you suffered so much from a bone in your throat."

"How degenerate is our race in this country," said the spaniel: "In the remote part of the world which men call India, there exist genuine dogs—my brethren, you will scarcely believe me, and yet I have seen with my own eyes, dogs which will boldly attack the lion." "But do they conquer him?" inquired a grave and steady sporting dog. "Conquer him! that I cannot undertake to say; but then only think, attack a lion!" "Oh!" continued the sporting dog, "if they do not conquer him, your so highly praised Indian dogs are no way superior to ourselves; but, on the contrary, a great deal more stupid."

"Why are you so covetous of the clothing of those who pass by you," said the willow to the thorn, "of what use can they be to you?" "None whatever," answered the thorn, "I have no desire to deprive the passengers of their raiment, I only wish to tear it."

W. G. C.

LINES ON THE GENEVA HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

(From an American Journal.)

AT GENEVA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1833.

NATURE! how beautiful!—ah, who may gaze
On these thy gorgeous treasures round him piled;
Nor with deep fervour their Creator praise,
Perfect in all his works—pure—undefiled.

What perfumes breathe—what colours meet the eye—
The Dahlia, gem-like, in its velvet fold;
Melon and Peach, with Grapes of Tyrian dye,
The ruby Nectarine, and Quince of gold.

To grace imperial Autumn's golden reign,
The lovely Summer still her garland brings,
Wreathes his bright spoils with many a Woodbine
chain—

And 'mongst his fruits, her faint sweet Roses flings.

Sunn'd in her smiles, the Lily lifts its head.

The Alcea blooms—the Oleander towers—

Myrtles and Jasmines their rich perfumes shed,

And in pale radiance shine the Orange flowers.

Blendid with Snowberries that gleam afar,
Like pearls, design'd some beauty's hair to braid,
The China-aster's many-coloured star,
In all its varied splendour stands display'd.

And like small jewels in a chaplet set,
Blooms, too, the bright Geranium and Sweet Pea—
Violets and Pansies—Daisies—Mignonette—
And the dark Pink's superb embroidery.

Nor these alone—but all that Autumn yields
Of grand or excellent in fruit and flower,
The stately growth of gardens, orchards, fields—
Tokens of Earth's full plenteousness and power.

In such a scene, oh, Nature! who may stand
Nor feel his spirit swell adoring thee!
Who crownest with blessings this, his native land,
The proud, the beautiful, the brave, the free!

MARY B.

Manners and Customs.

INDIA.

(Extracts from the Original Letters of an Officer in India.

Martaban, 18—

BEING here, I may as well afford you some little account, as far my own observation has gone, (which, indeed, is not very far,) of a people who are but little known, and seldom heard of, in England. They are nearly white, with flat faces, and snub noses, a peculiarly handsome feature. The dress of the men does not vary from that of the generality of Indians, except in the turban, which is merely a small handkerchief, braided up with the hair, and twisted on one or other side of the head, from which the further it protrudes, the greater is the pretension of its wearer to fashion and elegance. The women wear their hair long, and twisted into a knot behind; and their costume, though not remarkably decent, is, I presume, dictated by the warmth of the climate; it consists of one long piece of linen termed a *Kummoain* tied under the arms and again round the waist, but with such arrangement as to effect in walking a complete exposure of the person. The priests, the colour of whose costume is yellow, reminded me in some respects of those of the Romish persuasion, since they never marry, and wear a rosary, which is used in the same manner by them, as by the Papists.

The men of Martaban, whom, I should also observe, are very curiously tattooed from the waist to below the knees, assemble in parties every evening in the streets to play at battledore and shuttlecock with their feet: each party stands in a circle, and the shuttlecock is passed to and fro, with great dexterity. These people are without the distinction of *caste*, and the women are not confined to the houses or locked up, as in most parts of British India. Their pride has been, since the arrival of our forces in this country, a little

* Amongst numerous letters, I regret I cannot now lay my hand on that from which what follows is transcribed, in order to give the date.—*M. L. B.*

humbled; they imagined, I believe, that they had only to go forth to lay the whole world prostrate at their feet; and, as for Britons—but what do they say of us now? I almost fear to tell you, lest you should think I have forgotten myself:—they call us *Pya* which signifies *God*, and with this epithet use others which make me blush when I think upon them, and know myself to be but mortal man: but then again, I am a soldier, and an Englishman!

They appear to be extremely fond of our music, and indeed their own, which is good, makes a nearer approach to it than any I have yet heard in India. Amongst their musical instruments I have noticed a violin; a lute with two strings, played on either with the fingers, or a bow; a crocodile, viz. an instrument made in the shape of that animal with three strings like an ancient lyre, stretched across the back, two of silk and one of brass, and which is also played with the fingers.

But the instrument which struck me most, and which I conceived to be the harp of Martaban, is formed in the fashion of a cat, sitting, or, perhaps, lying with her legs folded under her, and her tail brought round in a semicircle, over her back. From this tail to the back, are attached about thirteen strings; and though I do not understand much about music, I will endeavour to give you some idea of the Martaban scale. It does not, at least in the cat instrument, rise, like our gamut, entirely by semitones, (I speak of the chromatic, not the diatonic scale, of course,) but by whole tones and half, arranged somewhat in the following manner: suppose the lowest note to be D, then, D, F, A; (instead of D, E, F, G, A, as with us, and their semitones;) the fourth string, on this principle, commences with G, though by retrograde motion, and the two next will sound B and D, the seventh string again commences with C, when the two following will be E and G, and so on with the rest. I could not discover the plan of this three-stringed instrument, whose variety of tones is produced as in our violin, by the pressure of the fingers on the strings: it, however, plays in concert with the cat. The people of Martaban have also a kind of flute and flageolet, together with tom-toms and gongs.†

† If I mistake not, one, or a couple, of the harps of Martaban are to be seen in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, but unstrung, and minus some of their strings. They want one side of the frame with which we find it requisite to build our harps, and without which, the pull upon the two to which the strings are attached, would probably break them soon: but in this, the Martaban harp so strikingly resembles the celebrated two-sided harp of *Thebes*, that, struck by the coincidence, (and not less also by that of the three-stringed Martaban lyre,) I was induced to send some remarks there-upon to a musical periodical; but, unfortunately, know not how they were received, and whether inserted or not, since circumstances prevented me from ever beholding a number of the work again.—*M. L. B.*

Soldiers—Burmese and British.

When Bundoolah, the best and the bravest of his Golden Footed Majesty's generals, was shot at Donnabue, his brother, who was next in command, stepped forwards, and proposed carrying on the defence of the place. The Burmese soldiers, however, with one voice refused to obey him, politely gave him to understand that compared to his lost brother he was an idiot, and, averring that the very Prince of Victory could not stand against "the sea-born white strangers," simultaneously and *sans ceremonie* took to their heels.

Benefit of Intoxication.

During the late Burmese war, on the evening previous to an engagement, Oosenah, the governor of Martaban intoxicated himself so completely with English cherry brandy, that he was, in a state of insensibility, conveyed out of the town, and so escaped.

Military Philosophy.

You should do as I do; endeavour to make yourself perfectly happy wherever you are, and under all circumstances. I have been accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of an English home, but write at this moment from amidst Indian inconveniences, and a mud cottage which has but one room, and am yet contented.

H. C. B.

ODD ELECTION.

THE following extraordinary manner of electing an emperor in the island of Bissago, or Bissao, (in the Atlantic Ocean, near the western coast of Africa,) is given in a letter from an English gentleman residing on the island, to a friend of his in London.

At the death of the emperor, the best of his wives and most useful of his slaves are buried near the place where the emperor's corpse is to be interred, that they may go with him to serve and divert him in the other world. The body of the emperor is placed in a kind of coffin made of reeds, and very neatly wove. Then four of the strongest lords carry it with great solemnity to the burial-place, where, being arrived, a very whimsical ceremony succeeds; for the nobles amuse themselves for a considerable time by tossing his majesty's coffin, body and all, into the air, and catching it again without letting it fall to the ground. When they are pretty well tired of this sport, one of the great lords extends himself on the ground, at full length, the others once more throw up the coffin, body and all, but do not, as before, attempt to catch it, when the royal corpse falls on the prostrate lord, and almost beats the breath out of his body. After having thus been overwhelmed with the royal weight, the prostrate lord is immediately acknowledged emperor. It appears by this cere-

mony that the kingdom is elective, though one of the royal family, either the son, brother, or nephew, of the deceased, must be chosen; and you may be sure the pretenders to the crown do not fail to bribe with presents the bearers of the royal bier, who may properly enough be styled electors.

E. S.—N.

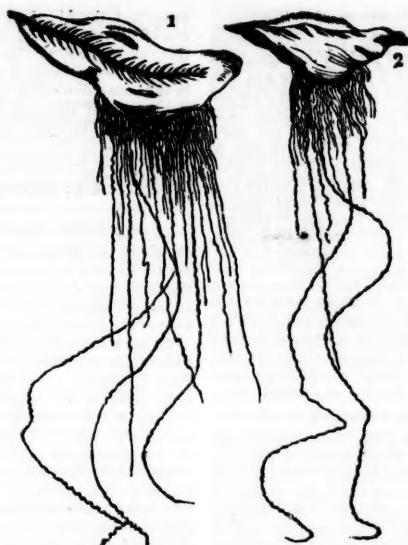
The Naturalist.

THE PORTUGUESE MAN OF WAR.

By aid of the *Magazine of Natural History*, we are enabled to present the reader with a figure of this curious creature. The writer of the subsequent description is a correspondent of the above popular journal.

In Stark's *Elements of Natural History* it will be found under the division Radiata, class Acalépha: it is the Physalia, or Physalis pelagica, of Lamarck. When seen floating on the surface of the water, the most conspicuous part of the animal appears to be an oval subtriangular membrane, inflated with air, having an elevated ridge running along its back like a cock's comb, strongly marked with indentations, and tinged along the summit of a beautiful rosy hue, the extremities of the inflated bladder being of a fine purple and violet colour. Underneath the membrane, and nearest to the larger extremity, are attached numerous appendages: some are very short and thick, while others are very long, many upwards of thirty inches in length. Some are straight, others twisted, and a few are spirally twisted, like the spring-wire of a bell. These appendages, according to Cuvier, form the suckers, tentacula, and ovaries, (egg-bags,) and are of a beautiful violet and blue colour, intermixed with purple. The smaller extremity is free, and the animal possesses the power of lifting it out of the water altogether—raising it aloft into the air, while the larger one is kept floating on the water by the weight of the fleshy appendages already mentioned. They have the power of contracting and dilating their membranous bag at pleasure; and no doubt, by trimming it to the wind, make it act the part of a sail, to propel themselves through the water. "They are very often to be met with at sea," says Sir Hans Sloane; and seamen do affirm that they have very great skill in sailing, managing their bladder or sail with judgment for this purpose, according to the different winds and courses.—*Sloane's Voyage to Jamaica*, vol. i. p. 7.

Upon attentively examining the narrow or free extremity of the bladder, a small, round aperture is perceptible, surrounded by a circular zone of fibres, of a beautiful red colour, like the muscular fibres of the iris of the eye. Out of this small hole, which is not larger than would be sufficient to admit the passage



(Portuguese Man of War.)

of a very fine bristle, I squeezed the air out of the bladder. It is by this aperture that the animal, it is presumed, expels the air from the bladder, when he wishes to sink under the surface of the water; but whether he refills it by inhaling the air by this aperture, or secretes it from his blood, is not so easily determined. They possess in a high degree the stinging quality which has procured for the animals belonging to the Radiata the term sea nettles. They are also endowed with the luminous property which belongs to so many marine animals; and it is observable, when they have been numerous during the day, that the sea at night has been brilliantly illuminated.

THE STORM.

[THE following, which is evidently from the hand of a close observer, is a graphic picture of the terrific phenomena of a thunderstorm:]

The commencement of the thunder-storm is indicated by the sudden accumulation in the distant horizon of a dark and ominous cloud formed by the coalescence of the cumuli which are observed to float through the regions of the atmosphere;—or, the cloud swells in magnitude on a horizontal plane without any visible cause, though the floating cumuli are seen to fall into, and be swallowed up in its vortex. The cloud whose structure has thus been reared in the air, rests on a

base perfectly linear and parallel with the plane of the horizon. This base is sable and sullen, and the superstructure is composed of a series of arched clouds, tolerably well defined in their general outline, and of different degrees of shade. Sometimes there are two or more of these linear and sable planes. The whole remains for a time stationary, the winds are hushed into an unnatural calm, and the temperature of the atmosphere undergoes a remarkable change. In the meantime the cloud leaves its station in the sky, and is put in motion. The rains fall, and the lightnings flash, and the winds sometimes mingle their voices with the roar of the thunder. Again the plane of the storm-cloud becomes ragged and uneven; the well defined line no longer appears, and long, narrow strips depend from the lower surface, and appear to connect together the earth and the sky. The discharges of lightning seem at length to affect the homogeneity of the thunder-cloud, which becomes less and less dense, separates into parts, and finally dissolves, or melts into "air, thin air," unfolding to the eye of the spectator a sky without a cloud—serene and beautiful. Such are nearly the phenomena which attend the termination of the tempest in the western hemisphere. "At length a change takes place, and the storm which lately ranged so furiously, is over. The sun shines forth with renovated splendour through long extended masses of clouds, which gra-

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dually disperse toward the horizon on the north and south, assuming as in the morning, light vapoury forms, and hemming the azure basis of the firmament. A smiling, deep blue sky now gladdens the earth, and the horrors of the past are speedily forgotten. In an hour no trace of the storm is visible; the plants, dried by the warm sunbeams, rear their heads with renewed freshness, and the different kinds of animals obey, as before, their respective instincts and propensities."

In countries within the tropics, or in lower latitudes, the lightnings are much more awful in their character than in this country. A gentleman once informed me that he had seen the thunder-cloud apparently rent in twain, and discover as it were an immense orb of lightning which seemed to burst, and shoot its arrowy shafts as from a centre, in every direction of the heavens.

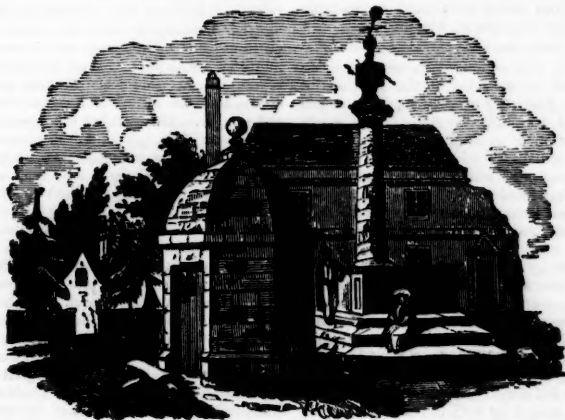
The influence of the thunder-storm is usually of a limited extent, but not universally. The storm of the 30th of July, 1830, extended from Wolverhampton to Glasgow and Fife; and was said also to have embraced a part of Ireland. The simultaneous formation of storm-clouds in different parts of the heavens, and at remote distances, is not the least wonderful of these remarkable phenomena. On the 5th of June, 1784, a set of electric balls, rung with electricity, when the clouds were elevated, and no indication of rain, while a violent thunder-storm attended by a considerable fall of destructive hail, took place about fifty miles distant. That thunder-storms have an occasional extensive range, may be also inferred from the following circumstances. On the 7th of October, 1831, Henry Baker was killed under an oak at Burton-on-Trent, three others were rendered

for a time insensible, and one dangerously ill. On Friday after, five calves belonging to an individual near Bridgenorth, were killed under an oak, and on the same day, near Hereford, an oak was struck, the weight of which was four tons. The entire trunk and branches were rent, and scattered in all directions, in pieces about the size of a lath, and one piece about eleven feet long, was carried a distance of twenty feet. Even in the individual discharge which takes place from the storm-cloud, a very considerable range is occupied in some cases; this, however, in all probability, must be ascribed to the continuity being dislocated, and its compact and homogeneous form, divided into branches by conducting materials scattered over the space on which its shaft alights, and its powers or intensity will of course be attenuated in the ratio of that diffusion.—*Murray.*

The Topographer.

STEEPLE ASHTON.

STEEPLE ASHTON is one of the most picturesque villages of Wiltshire, about two miles south-east from Trowbridge. It consists of straggling cottages and a few respectable houses. The church is an elegant structure in the most beautiful and simple style of English architecture; and from its magnitude has the appearance of a cathedral. The living is a vicarage, and the incumbent must be unmarried. The Market-cross represented in the subjoined vignette, is erected upon a large, square basement, ascended by three steps; the shaft is round, its upper part being terminated by square mouldings supporting a sun-dial: this termination is



(Cross at Steeple Ashton.)

probably an addition of comparatively modern date. We have often touched on the design of these crosses; but the following additional illustration by Mr. C. Clarke, F.S.A., may be acceptable:—"When the strongly religious bias of our ancestors is considered, with the evident fondness they had for this memorial of Christianity, which they made the ensign of every virtue, it must be easy to account for placing it in the centre for business, where so many dishonesties were most likely to be put in practice."*

* Architect. Antiq. Great Britain.

The Public Journals.

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

(Abridged from an amusing Paper in the New Monthly Magazine.)

THE personal history of Ferdinand VII., if ingenuously written by anybody who had lived with him from his earliest years to his decease, would be almost as interesting as the memoirs of Napoleon. It would exhibit a series of vicissitudes more romantic than any modern fabricator of fictions would dare to imagine. The eldest son of Charles IV. and of Teresa Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Parma, was born at the Escorial on the 14th of October, 1784. He had not completed his forty-ninth year when he died; and yet his brief career is crowded with events, to which, perhaps, his own hand alone could have done justice. He was, in all probability, the only legitimate son of the king: his features and character furnished the strongest evidence upon that point which nature could supply. The personal biographer of the late king might find some traits in his character, which, though they could not, indeed, redeem his political transgressions, must secure him, at least, from being considered as his nefarious mother pronounced him to be—

—"Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum."

I myself have witnessed the condescension with which he attended to the petitions of the poor. Loitering one day about the palace of Madrid, which, by the way, is well worth the attention of a stranger, as one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in Europe, my attention was attracted by a number of state carriages which were proceeding towards the principal entrance. I followed them almost instinctively, and soon found myself stationed among a number of grenadier guards, who were drawn up near the lower steps of a magnificent staircase. In the passage to which the staircase opened there were seven or eight old women, with papers in their hands, ready for presentation. In a few minutes the king and queen (his third wife Amelia, of Saxony) descended, followed by a brilliant group of officers in full dress. The king wore a dark blue coat, turned up with crimson, laced with gold, white small-clothes, white silk stockings,

a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The queen was then little more than twenty years of age, but her pale countenance already disclosed symptoms of that broken heart which soon after found repose in the grave. Her figure, which was slight and elegantly formed, was nearly enveloped in a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine. She wore on her head a pink hat, without feathers. Her appearance contrasted strongly with that of Ferdinand, as he handed her into the carriage. It is well known that his chin and lower lip were nearly in a right line with the extremity of a nose of no ordinary dimensions. The deformity of his features was, in some degree, palliated by large mustachios. But although his figure was erect, manly, and even princely, I could not help thinking, when he took his seat by his fragile consort, of the celebrated story of "Beauty and the Beast," until I beheld him taking, with his own hand, through the still open door, the petitions of the poor people whom he called to him for the purpose. His swarthy, rude face was suddenly lighted up with an expression of kindness, which showed that he was not wholly unaccustomed to acts of a benevolent description. I know not whether any of these supplicants ever received any answer to their representations; but I saw that they were already half satisfied, at least, by what I may really call the paternal smiles of their sovereign.

This royal attention to the lower orders is a practice of an ancient date in Spain. During the prevalence of the constitution, Ferdinand was not, indeed, allowed to give audiences to inferior persons, as suspicions were entertained not without good grounds, that plots were often in preparation for effecting the escape of the royal family from Madrid to the French frontiers. But when the constitution was destroyed, the king resumed his former habits on this point, and once or twice every week admitted all persons, without any distinction of rank, to his presence. He rose generally at six, and soon after took a cup of chocolate and a cigar. His morning was passed in the apartments of the queen, and it is understood that he never was so happy in them as since they were occupied by her present majesty. He became devotedly attached to her from the moment that she gave those hopes, which were afterwards realized, of continuing his race—an object which he had always looked forward to with the utmost solicitude. He transacted business with his ministers regularly between twelve o'clock and half-past two, when he dined. He then drove out with the queen for two or three hours, after which he saw any person whom he had appointed to attend him. He supped at half-past eight, and retired early. During the whole of Ferdinand's reign, the manners of the Spanish court were extremely simple and unosten-

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tations. He never had any avowed mistresses; indeed, after his restoration in 1814, he is said to have been without any liaison of that kind. The offices of religion were regularly performed every day in the beautiful chapel of the palace. But Ferdinand was at no time of his life impressed with the necessity of attending earnestly to that subject. He had, in this respect, more of the character of Louis XVIII. in him than of Charles X. The story of the embroidered petticoat has never been denied—so far, at least, as the presentation of such an ornament by Ferdinand to a particular church. This proceeding was, however, rather the result of his superstition, than of his religion, between which there is not only a distinction, but a wide difference. Pascal was a thoroughly religious man, without a particle of superstition. Napoleon was superstitious in the extreme; but his most republican enemies never accused him of religion.

The personal dispositions and habits of Ferdinand gave a tone of reserve and retirement to the court, which necessarily exercised an influence upon society. Brought up, I may say, a prisoner, and confined for nearly six years at Valencay, at a period of life when the character is most susceptible of permanent impressions, he was accustomed to find his pleasures and amusements within a narrow circle. He was, in truth, extremely domestic—too much so for a king. He smoked so great a number of cigars during the course of the day, that his breath was quite tainted with that unpleasant after-smell which tobacco leaves behind it. He ate also, sometimes inordinately. An over-indulgence in this way brought on the fit of apoplexy which terminated in his death. He drank very little more wine than Spaniards do in general; but it was always of the best description. For some years he had been afflicted with the gout, a complaint of which he fully availed himself, in order to delay his departure with the Cortes from Madrid to Seville, in 1823. The communication to him of the resolutions of that body for the removal of the court brought on an attack of that malady, which, according to his own report, tortured him incessantly for three weeks; but when the legislative physicians expressed an apprehension that it might, if it continued longer, lead to insanity, which would render the appointment of a regent indispensable, the disease quitted him with miraculous expedition.

Ferdinand paid little attention to the grantees of Spain. His confidential ministers were seldom selected from that class. He was partial, rather than otherwise, to *parvenus*; and felt a pleasure in raising men to office who had often little to recommend them, beyond the talents which they exhibited in administering to his private amusements. His real courtiers were frequently persons of

very low birth and station. At one period of his life, the most influential man in Spain was Chamorro, who was nothing more than a buffoon; but his fantastic tricks made Ferdinand laugh immoderately, and nothing was refused to his solicitations. He was so much pleased with Montenegro, who was one of his valets at Valencay, that he appointed him intendant of the royal palaces, and bestowed upon him, moreover, abundant marks of his favour. The queen (Maria Isabella,) fully participated in the king's attachment to this servant. Happening, one day to be engaged in fastening a cross of Charles III. to a riband of that order, she desired Montenegro to hold one of the ends of the riband. He knelt on one knee for the purpose, desirous of performing her Majesty's commands in the most respectful manner. The king, suddenly entering the apartment by a private door, beheld this apparent scene of gallantry with indignation; not perceiving how Montenegro was employed, and urged by an irrepressible feeling of jealousy, he rushed past the queen and knocked him down at full length on the floor. The queen shrieked, a number of domestics immediately hastened to her assistance; in the confusion, Montenegro got up as well as he could and ran away. But when the affair was explained, Ferdinand had the grace to be ashamed of himself, and the quondam valet was raised to higher favour than ever.

Ferdinand was never believed to have entertained anything like a sincere attachment for his court companions, with the exception, perhaps, of a single instance. Lozano de Torrez, the nephew of a once well-known matchmaker of the same name in London, was the son of a carpenter at Cadix, where, in his early days, he sold chocolate. By some accident he obtained employment in the commissariat during the war of independence; he discharged his duties with considerable ability. When the king returned to Spain, Lozano, who was then at Badajoz, addressed to him a letter full of protestations of the most devoted zeal, and of bitter complaints against the liberals. This letter was answered by an order, directing Lozano to proceed to Madrid, where he was admitted at once to Ferdinand's confidence. Lozano was the most ingenious of courtiers. He wanted nothing for himself. His whole ambition was to serve about the person of his sovereign, in whose fortunes he felt a sympathetic interest which he could not describe, the cause of which was to him inexplicable. It seemed to him as if his heart must have been framed, as it were, in the same mould with that of the king. He wore Ferdinand's portrait in his bosom, knelt before it as an idol, and appeared to live only for his royal master. Whenever his opinion was asked upon any subject, he gave it candidly, always most disinterestedly; several valuable appointments

were offered him—he refused them all. He would rather be a lackey in the palace than captain-general of the two Castiles.

After a due course of servitude, Lozano was prevailed upon to accept the office of minister of state; that is to say, secretary for foreign affairs. Now this was a post to which, more than to any other, usage had established a certain right of succession among the members of that department,—gentlemen who had previously served abroad in a diplomatic capacity, who, of course, were acquainted with foreign languages, conversant with the whole train of pending negotiations, and experienced in official forms. Well knowing that they could not speedily be replaced, they resolved to resign in a body rather than serve under Lozano. He prudently yielded to the storm. To the astonishment of the nation the cidevant vendor of chocolate was next appointed minister of grace and justice, which placed in his hands the entire patronage of the magistracy and the church. But he flattered the clergy, encouraged the fanatics, persecuted the liberals, terrified Ferdinand with the numerous conspiracies against the throne and the church which he daily discovered, and kept his place. A droll proof of Ferdinand's credulity, with respect to Lozano's *sympathies*, has been related by one of his biographers. The courtier was in the habit of sending a messenger every morning to inquire how the king passed the night. On one occasion the answer was, that his majesty had suffered from a severe fit of the colic. The moment Lozano heard this he ordered his carriage, posted to the palace in his dressing-gown, and demanded an audience upon business of extraordinary importance. Ferdinand, who was by this time convalescent, ordered him to be admitted. Seeing Lozano in such a dress, his face pale, and his hair in disorder, he eagerly inquired what was the matter. "Oh!" exclaimed the minister of grace and justice, "ch, senor, I have had such a terrible attack of the colic: I have been ill with it all night," and then he went on minutely detailing the symptoms (which he had *not* experienced) of that agreeable complaint. "Wonderful," cried Ferdinand; "they are precisely the pains which I have suffered myself; how very wonderful!"—"Not at all wonderful, senor," replied Lozano, "nothing certainly can happen to your majesty without happening to me also. While you were ill I was ill. Now that you are better, I feel recovered again." At length Lozano fell into disgrace, and was exiled from Madrid. Ferdinand, when his liking was over, used often to laugh at the impositions which this fellow practised upon him.

I have never seen a good portrait of Ferdinand. The artists say that it was impossible to sketch one, on account of the singular mobility of his features, sometimes sombre in the extreme, sometimes so gay and

lively, that they hardly seemed to belong to the same person. Often when his brow was overcast with a shade, which deepened the habitual gloom of his shagged lips and chin, his eyes betrayed a pensive expression that made them for the moment almost beautiful. But it was "beauty sleeping in the lap of horror." He spoke generally with a nervous precipitation, indicative of the shallow source from which his thoughts emanated. He was a wrong-headed man, irascible, obstinate, and selfish. He died under the impression which he always entertained, that he was the most popular man in Spain. Perhaps he was; but he has not left a single individual in the world who laments his departure with a genuine tear.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

ECHO.

SLEEPFEST thou, sister Silence, here,
In the dim haunt of the lonely deer.
Like the moon in her sable cloud?
So calm thy look, so still thy breath,
Like a Nun that sleepeth her sleep of death,
Wrapp'd in her holy shroud.

SILENCE.

It is not death to breathe no word—
Many the thoughts that are not heard,
That deep in the bosom burn:
There's a spirit that lives in the balmy air,
The desert cave, and the wild deer's lair,
Under the shadowy fern.

ECHO.

Awake! Awake! I bid thee awake
To the horn and hound. Through brier and brake
They dash through the quiet stream.
Hark! over the vale they proudly sweep—
Awake, awake from thy sombre sleep,
And spell of enchanted dream.

SILENCE.

Away, away with the hound and horn—
Away with the sports of the garish morn.
But there is a voice I love,
That is heard at eve in the low twilight,
Or when the moon in the blue of night
Rideth serene above.

O then bring hither some true love pair,
To breathe their vows to the gentle air,
Softly and sweet to hear.
And Echo, do thou prolong the sound,
Till it melt on the ear: I cannot wound,
Of Silence repose near.

ECHO.

Sister, repose, and around thy bed
Thy Echo a spell of awe shall spread,
To banish the prying crowd:
A holier fear in my voice shall run,
To guard where sleepeth my Sister Nun,
Veil'd in her sable shroud.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

THE STEAM SERVICE.

THE time is not yet come—but come it will—when the masts of our Royal Navy shall be unshipped, and huge, unsightly chimneys be erected in their place. The trident will be taken out of the hand of Neptune, and replaced by the effigy of a red-hot

poker; the union-jack will look like a smoke jack; and Lambton's, Russell's, and Adair's, will be made Admirals of the Black; the fore-castle will be called the Newcastle, and the cock-pit will be termed the coal-pit; a man-of-war's tender will be nothing but a Shields' collier; first lieutenants will have to attend lectures on the steam-engine, and midshipmen must take lessons as climbing boys in the art of sweeping flues. In short, the good old tune of "Rule Britannia" will give way to "Polly put the kettle on;" while the Victory, the Majestic, and the Thunderer of Great Britain will "paddle in the burn," like the Harlequin, the Dart, and the Magnet of Margate. It will be well for our song-writers to bear a wary eye to the Fleet, if they would prosper as marine poets. Some sea Gurney may get a seat at the Admiralty Board, and then farewell, a long farewell, to the old ocean imagery; marine metaphor will require a new figure-head. Flowing sheets, snowy wings, and the old comparison of a ship to a bird will become obsolete and out of date! Poetical topsails will be taken aback, and all such things as reefs and double reefs will be shaken out of song. For my own part, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I have not sought a Helicon of salt water; or canvassed the nine muses as a writer for their Marine Library; or made Pegasus a sea-horse, when sea-horses as well as land-horses are equally likely to be superseded by steam. After such a consummation, when the sea-service, like the tea-service, will depend chiefly on boiling water, it is very doubtful whether the Fleet will be worthy of anything but plain prose. I have tried to adapt some of our popular blue ballads to the boiler, and Dibdin certainly does not steam quite so well as a potato. However, if his Sea Songs are to be in immortal use, they will have to be revised and corrected in future editions thus:

I steamed from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smoked through the breeze;
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever *boil'd* through the salt seas.

When up the *flue* the sailor goes,
And ventures on the *pot*.
The landsman, he no better knows,
But thinks hard is his lot.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weights anchor, lights the log;
Trims up the fire, picks out the slates,
And drinks his can of grog.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
But a *Boulton* and *Watt* and good *Walf's-end* give me;
And it an't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our chimney smack smooth shall
down smite,
And shiver each *bundle* of wood;
Clear the wreck, *stir the fire,* and stow every thing
tight,
And *boiling a gallop* we'll scud.

I have cooked Stevens's, or rather Incledon's

"Storm," in the same way; but the pathos does not seem any the tenderer for stewing.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand;
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens,—blow like blazes;
Now unto the coal-hole go;
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys;
See the valve is clear, of course;
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft a proper draft get,
Oil the engines, see all clear;
Hands up, each a sack of coal get.
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes the paddles splash.
One wide water all around us,
All above one smoke-black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us!
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The funnel's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out;
The engineer's washed off the deck:
A leak beneath the coal-hole's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, some coal, some nubbly pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,
Four feet water getting cold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating:
Alas! to them there's no return.
The fire is out—we've burst the bellows,
The tinder-box is swamped below;
Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,
For only that can serve us now!

Devoutly do I hope that the kettle, though a great vocalist, will never thus appropriate the old sea songs of England. In the words of an old Greenwich pensioner, "Steaming and biling does very well for *Urn* Bay and the likes; but the craft does not look regular and shipshape to the eye of a tar who has sailed with Duncan, Howe, and Jarvis; and who would rather even go without *port* than have it through a *funnel*."—Hood.

REWARDS OF GENIUS.

How truly is it said, it is supposed by the generality of mankind that whatever promotes the interests of any particular class of men, will be supported by that class. Experience is opposed to that opinion. Hugh Myddleton was allowed to pursue his noble design for supplying London with water, amidst doubts and indifference, and assisted when it was too late. Watt was left unnoticed and unaided, and compelled to give his engines to the mine-owners and manufacturers, who would use them for a portion of the saving they effected. England is not the only ungrateful country. Fulton, who first stemmed the rivers of the New World, received at last some privileges, which were afterwards shamelessly cancelled, and his

family and posterity are now in poverty on the banks of the Ohio. Many other instances might be cited. Winsor, the inventor of the system of lighting with gas, died an impoverished exile in France; and Gurney, who laboured for years to perfect locomotive engines, has been turned out of his own factory to seek his fortune elsewhere. Mr. Hancock has received indifferent treatment; and Mr. Ogle, who proved that safety and speed might be combined, has seen his factory possessed by the rich mortgagee, and been refused even to examine the vehicle he brought from Liverpool, in the establishment he had erected and supported. Mr. Babbage, too, after projecting that piece of machinery which approaches nearer than any other to the results of human intelligence, and which constitutes a *wonder of the world*, sold it to the Government for a small portion of what it cost, and then was insulted with the offer of the lowest decorative order; thus putting the same value on his labours as on those of an Alderman who brings up an Address to the Throne.—*United Service Journal*.

DESCRIPTION OF AN INDIAN PALANKEEN.

By Captain Basil Hall, R. N.

THE palankeen is about six feet long, by two and a half wide, and serves at night-time for a bed, in the day-time for a parlour. In the front part of the interior is fitted a broad shelf, underneath which a drawer pulls out, and over the shelf a net is stretched such as we see in travelling carriages. In the after-part, as a sailor would call it, there is generally fixed a shelf for books, a net for fruit, or any loose articles, and hooks for hats, caps, towels, and other things. There are two doors, or sliding partitions, in each side, fitted with Venetian blinds in the upper panel, and in each end of the palankeen are placed two little windows. Many travellers choose to have a lamp fixed in one corner, with a glass face turned inwards, but trimmed from without, for reading or for sleeping by. The bottom, or seat, is made of strips of rattan, like that of a chair, over which is laid a light elastic mattress, made either of horse-hair, or, which is still better, I believe, of the small shavings used in dressing the bamboo and rattan. Across the palankeen, at the distance of a foot and a half from the end, is hung a flat square cushion, buttoned tightly from side to side, for the traveller's back to rest against; while his feet are prevented from slipping forwards by a cross-bar, similar in principle to the stretchers in a boat, against which the rowers plant their feet. This bar which slides up and down in slits cut at the sides of the palankeen, is capable of being shifted nearer to or farther from the end, according to the length of the voyager's legs, or to his choice of position. In the space

behind the cushion, or rest for the back, are stowed away, in the day-time, the sheets, blankets, pillow, and other night-things; and in the net above, two or three changes of clothes, in case of any accident separating the traveller from his heavy baggage. In the drawers may be kept shaving articles, and such nick-knacks as a compass, thermometer, sketch-book. On the shelf behind, a few books, among which, of course, will be found a road-book and a Hindustanee vocabulary, jostling with a tea-pot and sugar-canister. Under the mattress an infinity of small things may be hid, provided they be flatish. In each corner of this moving house are placed little round sockets for bottles and glasses. Many other odds and ends of comforts and conveniences suggest themselves as the journey advances, or may be found cut and dry in expensive palankeens. I speak merely of what mine possessed, and it was a very ordinary affair,—cheap and strong, and not too heavy. Along the top, on the outside, is laid a wax cloth cover, which, when not in use, is rolled up; but in rainy weather, or when the night-air becomes chill, this cloth is let so loose as to envelope the whole palankeen. At each end there is fixed a single, strong, smooth bar, which rests on the bearers' shoulders. This pole which is somewhat thicker than a man's arm, is possessed of none of the elasticity which gives such an unpleasant motion to a sedan chair, being secured tightly to the corners of the palankeen by iron rods. To one of these poles there is generally suspended a beautifully-shaped rattan basket, holding a goglet, or water-pitcher; which is still farther defended from injury by an open tracery of split rattans, resembling not a little the work in relief on the buttresses and pinnacles of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. This goglet is hung in front, that the dew which exudes from its pores may be evaporated by the current of air it encounters as the bearers move on: and thus, even in the hottest weather, a cool draught of water may always be obtained. Under the pole behind are hung a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and a curious but useful kind of wash-hand basin, imported from China, of a cylindrical shape, made of wood highly varnished.

A stranger, or griffin, as he is called, on first getting into a palankeen at Madras, is naturally much alarmed, and often rather distressed, at the hideous sounds made by the bearers, as he naturally fancies the men must be suffering dreadfully under their load. There have been instances of Johnny Newcomer so prodigiously sensitive or spooney, as actually to get out and walk in the sun, to the particular amusement of the bearers, who, it is alleged, make their yells doubly horrible when they fancy they have caught a griffin. I do confess that, at first, it feels a

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little queer to be carried along on men's shoulders; but this is a great waste of sympathy, inasmuch as every man so carrying you is not only a servant at will, but a very well-paid, contented servant, and one of a caste whose greatest pleasure and anxiety is to be so employed—who makes money by it, and saves it, and buys land, and becomes in time a gentleman in his way. I never remember to have heard the brawny Highlanders, who carry people about in chairs in Edinburgh, Bath, and elsewhere, accused of any extra servility, because they lifted the box containing their employer, instead of driving the horses which dragged the carriage holding the same personages. In short, all these matters turn on usage; and the deuce is in it if the parties most concerned are not the best judges of what, upon the whole, is most to their mind. But the fashion now-a-days is to cram compassion down contented people's throats, and in the true spirit of the philosophers of Laputa, or the needy knife-grinder's friend in the *Antijacobin*, to make happy men miserable, in order that they may be re-converted to happiness by some patent general principle—an invaluable process, always best known, it would appear, to those who are personally ignorant of all the practical details of the subject.

FULCHER'S SUDBURY POCKET BOOK FOR 1834.

This elegant and unexpensive annual, (for it is as much an annual as any of its extravagant compeers,) continues to improve. It is just what it professes to be—a Lady's Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany.—Among the improvements should be mentioned a Botanical Calendar, with a general summary of the Wild Flowers in the neighbourhood of Sudbury. By way of specimen, we take the following Calendar of November, spread in lines through the Memorandum leaves of the month:

"The beauty of the decaying foliage in our woods and hedges, however, almost compensates us for the loss of our summer flowers. The beech, the oak, the ash, and the chestnut, with their varied tints of glowing orange and sober brown, intermingled with the shining leaves of the evergreen ivy, present a scene which, for grandeur and beauty, might vie with the gorgeous hues of the departed summer. This is the season in which the botanist turns his attention to the cryptogamæ, and in the absence of flowers, the numerous family of lichens will furnish him with ample employment during the winter months. There are about 350 species of British lichens already described, many of them strikingly beautiful, particularly the common cup lichen (*Lichen Pyxidatus*), the fructification of which resembles drinking glasses. It is easily procured in damp, shady

lanes, and is well known by the familiar name of 'Cup Moss.' There are few 'Cullers of Simples' who are not prepared with a lengthened history of its virtues in curing the hooping cough! A still more beautiful specimen is the Scarlet Cup Lichen (*Lichen Cocciferus*), which is found plentifully in woods or on heaths in dry sandy places, appearing to most advantage in the wet wintry months. It is somewhat similar to the Lichen *Pyxidatus*, but the margins of its thick tubular stems are covered with tubercles of the most brilliant scarlet, which are said to dye wool and silk of a beautiful colour. Another of the cup-bearing lichens, the Daisy Flowered Cup Lichen (*Lichen bellidiflorus*), is also exquisitely beautiful: this, however, is a rare plant with us, though plentiful on Ben Nevis, in Scotland."

From the Poetical Miscellany (original) we select the following lines from Stanzas on a Snuff-box, made out of a piece of oak, from the Round Tower at Windsor. By Bernard Barton.

Relique of Windsor's ancient keep,
How many a mystic spell is thine,
From dark oblivion's dreamless sleep
To wake, in Lovers of the Nine,
Thoughts which the heart may well enshrine
Among its fondly-cherish'd things;
With many a gem from Memory's mine
That round it its own brightness flings.

Hence, Lady, with no thankless heart
Would I accept this gift of thine,
Because a thought it may impart,
Of SUARY, and his GERALDINE!
And of that votary of the Nine,
The princely JAMES, in captive guise
A two-fold victim doom'd to pine,
'Neath HENRY's power and BEAUFORT's eyes.

The "Village Chit-chat," by G. W. F., the editor, is doubtless from the life. The Kn. gravings of picturesque scenes, in the vicinity of Sudbury, are very prettily executed.

The Gatherer.

Curious Stones.—The ancients tell us of a stone found in Arabia, of the colour of iron, the quality of which they say was, that when once heated red-hot, it would never grow cold again. There are stones in England, that when once heated, will retain warmth for a long time; but all the other accounts seem groundless. The warming-stone used in Cornwall and Yorkshire, to lay at the feet of people's beds, will retain warmth eight or ten hours; and there is a sort of red stone, cut out of the salt mountains near Cordova, and formed into broad tiles, called *ruggiols* by the Italians, which being once well heated, will retain a sensible warmth twenty-four hours. But these do not come up to the qualities of this imaginary stone of the ancients, the accounts of which must be fabulous.

Bubb Dodington.—His taste was outrageously bad, in his houses and their embellishments, as well as his dress. His great bed-chamber at Eastberry was hung with rich red velvet; his crest, an eagle supporting a hunting horn, cut out of gilt leather, was pasted on all the panels; and the bedside carpet was a splendid patchwork of his old embroidered pocket-flaps and cuffs. The turf in front of his mansion at Hammersmith, subsequently called Brandenburg-house, was ornamented with his crest in pebbles; he had a fire-place decorated with mock icicles; a purple and orange bed crowned by a dome of peacock's feathers; a marble door, supported by columns of lapis lazuli, leading to a gallery (filled with statues), which, although not on the ground-floor, was paved with marble; and a large obelisk, in the approach to his house, surmounted by an urn of bronze, containing the heart of his wife.—*Georgian Era.*

Curran's Duelling.—Four times was the intrepid spirit of Curran dared to the field in a duel; but even there he could not refrain from indulging his wonted humour. On one of these occasions, when he fought Mr. St. Leger, the other demanding which was to fire first, Curran answered, "that he came as a guest merely; it was for St. Leger himself to open the ball, since he gave the invitation;" next seeing that St. Leger presented the pistol wide of the mark, Curran gave him the word of command to fire, which the other obeyed, without any mischief of course; when Curran discharging his pistol in the air, the affair ended. Another duel which he had with the lord chancellor Clare was equally unproductive in incident. For (as he used to tell the story himself) "though both the combatants discharged two very long cases of pistols at each other, neither of them were killed, wounded, satisfied, or reconciled; nor did either of them express the least wish to prolong the engagement." In Curran's last illness, his physician having remarked early one morning, that he coughed with much difficulty: "That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "since I have been practising all night." And, not long before, having received a slight apoplectic shock, and his physician telling him not to mind it—it would pass away; "I am to understand it, then," said Curran, "only as a boyish run-away knock at the door—eh?" A few days before his death, he was taking an airing with some friends, and as the state of his health would only allow the carriage to proceed at a very slow rate, a cow that was grazing by the roadside put her head in at the coach window. "What a very curious circumstance," exclaimed one of the gentlemen. "Not at all, Sir," replied Curran, "she knew you were Irish, and was looking for a bull."

W. G. C.

Ancient Dainty.—The porpus was once considered as a sumptuous article of food in this country, and was oftentimes introduced to the tables of the English nobility, even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was eaten with a sauce composed of the crumbs of fine bread with sugar and vinegar. In the present day the porpus is an object of capture only for the sake of its oil.—Was not this a *dainty dish* to set before the *Queen*?

P. T. W.

Knotty Point.—Soon after Curran was called to the bar, while going circuit, he met with an English gentleman in a stage-coach, proceeding on business to Cork, and as they passed near a fair held in an adjacent field, two factions were fighting desperately with cudgels, on which the stranger said, "In the name of heaven what is all this about?" To which Curran answered, "Oh, nothing but some harmless couptrymen amusing themselves with a *lecture on heads*."

Galley Quay and Galley Halfpence.—Galley halfpence were a kind of coin, which, with *suskins* and *doitkins*, were forbidden by the statute Henry V., cap. 1. It is said they were brought into this kingdom by the Genoese merchants, who, trading hither in galleys, lived commonly in a lane near Tower-street, and were called galley men; landing their goods at Galley Quay, and trading with their own small silver coin, termed galley halfpence.

P. T. W.

Scotch Mistake.—It is recorded of Curran, that going to his inn early one summer morning, after a long sitting with some friends in Glasgow, he observed a man sound asleep in the kennel, his upturned face gilded with the rays of the newly-risen sun. Curran awoke the sleeper, who, like himself, had been indulging rather freely on the previous night, and had no recollection of taking up the position in which he was found. After the first surprise was over, he thrust his hand into his pocket, where he found a quantity of small change; on discovering which, with a face of the utmost compunction and alarm, he exclaimed, "Gude guide us! hae I been sae far left to mysel' as to change a note."

W. G. C.

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